

D^r WILD'S Humble Thanks

For His MAJESTIES Gracious DECLARATION for

Liberty of Conscience, March 15, 1672.

NO, not one word, can I of this Great Deed,
In *Merlin*, or Old Mother *Shipton* read!
Old *Tyburn* take those *Tycho* *Imps*,
As *Silger*, who would be accounted Pimps
To the Amorous Planets; they the Minute know,
When *Jove* did Cuckold old *Amphitryo*,
Ken *Mars*; and made *Venus* wink and glances,
Their close Conjunctions, and mid-night Dances,
When covetive *Saturn* goes to stool, and vile
Thief *Mercury* doth pick his Fob the while:
When Lady *Luna* leaks, and makes her man
Thrown out of Window into th' Ocean.
More subtle than the Excise-men here below,
What's spent in every Sign in Heaven they know;
Cunning Intelligencers, they will not miss
To tell us next year, the success of this;
They correspond with *Dutch* and *English* Stars,
As one once did with *CHARLES* and *Oliver*.
The Bankers also might have, had they gone,
What Planet govern'd the Exchequer, known.
Old *Lilly*, though he did not love to make
Any words on't, saw the *English* take,
Five of the *Smyrna* Fleet, and if the Sign
Had been *Aquarius*, then they'd made them Nine.
When *Sagittarius* took his aim to shoot
At Bishop *Cosin*, he spied him no doubt:
And with such force the winged Arrow flew,
Instead of one Church Stag he killed two;
Glocester and *Durham* when he espy'd,
Let Lean and Fat go together he cry'd.
Well *Wille Lilly*, thou knew'st all this as well
As I, and yet wouldst not their Lordships tell.
I know thy Plea too, and must it allow,
PRELATES should know as much of Heaven as thou:
But now Friend *William*, since its done and past,
Pray thee, give us *Phanaticks* but one Cast,
What thou forelaw'st of *Mar* b the fifteenth Last;
When swift and sudden as the Angels fly,
Th' Declaration for Conscience-Liberty:
When things of Heaven burst from the Royal Breast,
More fragrant than the Spices of the East.
I know in next year's Almanack thou'lt write,
Thou saw'st the King and Council over-night,
Before that morn all fit in Heaven as plain
To be discern'd as if 'twere *Charles's* *Wain*,
Great *B*, great *L*, and two great *A*'s were chief
Under great *CHARLES* to give poor *Fan's* relief.
Thou sawest Lord *Arlington* ordain the man
To be the first Lay-Metropolitan.
Thou saw'st him give induction to a *Spittle*,
And constitute our Brother *TOM-DOE-LITTLE*.
In the *Bears* Paw, and the *Bulls* right Eye,
Some Derriment to Priests thou didst espy;
And though by *Sol* in *Libra* thou didst know
Which way the Scale of Policy would go:
Yet *Mercury* in *Aries* did decree,
That *Wool* and *Lamb* should still *Conformists* be.
But hark you *Will*, steer poching is not fair;
Had you amongst the Steers found this March-Hare,
Bred of that luty Puss the Good Old Cause,
Religion rescued from Informing Laws:
You should have yelp'd aloud, hanging's the end,
By Huntsmens Rule, of Hounds that will not spend.
Be gone thou and thy canting Tribe, be gone,
Go tell thy destiny to followers none:
Kings Hearts and Councils are too deep for thee,
And for thy Stars and *Demons* scrutiny.
King *CHARLES* Return was much above thy skill
To tumble out, as 'twas against thy will.
From him who can the Hearts of Kings inspire,
Not from the Planets, came that Sacred fire
Of Sovereign Love, which broke into a Flame:
From God and from his King alone it came

To the KING.

SO great, so universal, and so free!
This was too much great *CHARLES*, except for Thee,
For any King to give a Subject hope:
To do thus like Thee, would undo the Pope.
Yea, though his Vassals should their wealth combine,
To buy Indulgence half so large as thine;
No, if they should not only kiss his Toe,
But *Clements's* *Podex*, he'd not let them go.
Whilst Thou to's shame, Thy immortal glory,
Hast freed *All-Souls* from real Purgatory:
And given *All-Saints* in Heav'n new Joys, to see
Their Friends in *England* keep a Jubilee.
Suspect them not, Great Sir, nor think the words:
For sudden joys, like grief, confound at first.
The splendor of your favour was so bright,
That yet it daz'es and o'whelms our sight:
Drunk with her cups, my Muse did nothing mind:
And until now her feet she could not find.
Greediness makes profaneness i' th' first place:
Hungry men fill their bellies, then say grace.
We would make Bonfires, but that we do fear
The name of *Incend'ary* we may hear.
We would have Musick too, but 'twill not doo,
For all the Fiddlers are *Conformists* too.
Nor can we ring, the angry Churchman swears
(By the Kings leave) the Bells and Ropes are theirs.
And let 'em take 'em, for our tongues shall sing
Your Honour louder than their Clappers ring:
Nay, if they will not at this Grace repine,
We'll dress the Vineyard, they shall drink the Wine.
Their Church shall be the Mother, ours the Nurse.
Peter shall preach, *Judas* shall bear the purse.
No Bishops, Parsons, Vicars, Curates, we;
But only Ministers desire to be.
We'll preach in Sackcloth, they shall read in Silk.
We'll feed the Flock, and let them take the Milk.
Let but the *Black-birds* sing in bushes cold,
And may the *Jack-dawes* still the Steeples hold.
We'll be the Feet the Back and Hands, and they
Shall be the Belly, and devour the Prey.
The Tythe-pigg shall be theirs; we'll turn the spit,
We'll bear the Cross, they only sign with it.
But if the Patriarchs shall envy show
To see their younger-Brother *Joseph* go
In Coat of divers colours, and shall fall
To rend it, 'cause it's not Canonical:
Then may they find him turn a Dreamer too,
And live themselves to see his dream come true.
May rather they and we together joyn
In all what each can; but they have the Coyn:
With Prayers and Tears such service much avail:
With Tears to swell your Seas, with Prayers your Sails;
And with Men too, from both our parties; such
I'm sure we have, can cheat, or beat, the *Dutch*.
A thousand *Quakers*, Sir, our side can spare;
Nay, two or three, for they great Breeders are.
The Church can match us too with Jovial Sirs,
Informers, *Singing-men* and *Parasers*.
Let the King try, set these upon the Decks
Together, they will *Dutch* or *Devil* vex.
Their Breath will mischief further than a Gun,
And if you loose them, you'll not be undone.
Pardon dread Sir, nay pardon this coarse Paper,
Your License 'twas made this poor Poet caper.

ITER BOREALIS.